

PUBLIC
BATHROOMS of
WYUKA CEMETERY
in LINCOLN,
NEBRASKA



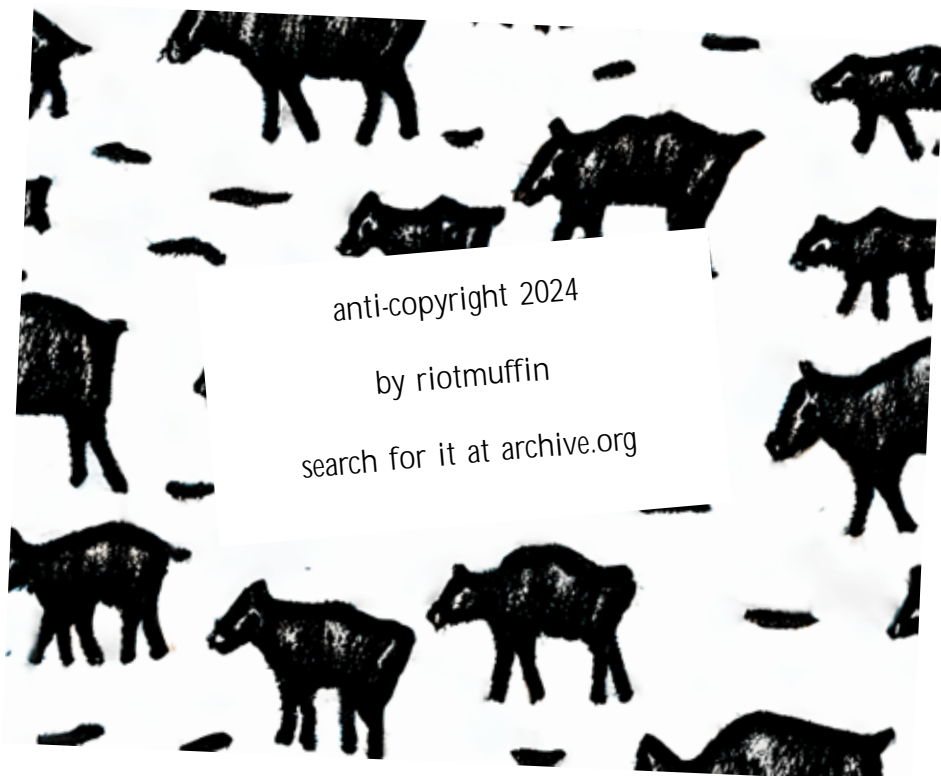
(DIS)CONTENT ADVISORY

This local history zine is presented from an unapologetic perspective of total liberation, against all cops, colonizers and capitalists. If this is a problem for you, prepare to be offended. I also fuckin swear a lot.

DEDICATION

Dedicated to the buffalo and to the indigenous peoples who lived in harmony with them. Despite the worst attempts of genocidal white settlers, some of whom are described in this zine, both resist extinction now and forever.

Fertilize the land for new growth,
by pissing on the genocidares' graves.



INTRODUCTION

Minneapolis is my first home, but ever since my queer fam moved to Lincoln a couple years ago, I've been spending more and more time here in the 402. Wherever I go, I like to learn some of the local radical history. How have people resisted hatred, oppression and misery? What battles have been fought over the decades to make life better for everyone? Who are the heroes and heroines left out of the history books, who deserve more recognition than the boring ol' politicians and bizguys of the past?

Unfortunately, my inquiries amongst the living about where to find such information in Lincoln have, so far, mostly been met with shrugs. So I decided to take a different approach: a stroll through the cemetery.

See, I don't care much about the history told in most schools, libraries, or historical societies. I want to know about the rebels, activists, and troublemakers whom the ruling class deems too "controversial" or "criminal".

And one way to find out about those people is by finding out who their enemies were... the villains about whom rebels of the past said,

"I CAN'T WAIT TO PISS ON YOUR GRAVE SOME DAY."

It so happens that a lot of those villains have streets, schools, and other institutions named after them, and they also tend to have some of the gaudiest monuments in your local cemetery.

The thing with most history books (or webpages, or cemetery tour booklets), is that none of them want to say anything that could make people think "ooh.... this guy was a real asshole." They're so scant on useful information. I don't care about the exact dates so-and-so was on the city council. I don't care how many children he had. I don't care what breed of cows he raised and what their names were. I wanna know: was this dude a white supremacist?? What were his policy positions? How did he treat his employees?

The History Nebraska website, for example, will tell you that so many thousand people attended a KKK rally in Lincoln in 1922. They won't, however, give you the context that these are the same motherfuckers who terrorized our Black, Brown and Jewish neighbors through arsons, assaults and mob terror, such as the lynching of Willie Brown in Omaha in 1919. They won't tell you that Governor Charles Bryan presided over the height of the KKK in Nebraska while refusing to condemn them. They also won't tell you that both the KKK and modern police forces are the direct descendants of runaway slave patrols -- after all, that would make more of us question whether modern day "officer involved shootings" are really just state-sanctioned lynchings.

So in researching this zine, I have had to read between the lines. I have attempted to compile my findings here -- in the hope that between pees and poops, we can learn from the assholes of the past, to better destroy the assholes of the present and future.

Maybe you know of some great local radical history sources -- or maybe you know of more, or bigger assholes whom I should've included in this guide. As a Lincoln newcomer, I know my knowledge is quite incomplete. I'd love to hear what you know! Or, make your own zine and distribute it widely. The ruling class would rather shit themselves before they tell inconvenient history -- so passing these stories along to future generations of rebels is up to us.

ABOUT WYUKA CEMETERY

Wyuka was established as the official state cemetery in 1869, located outside the wee capitol town of Lincoln, before white settlers had even really totally set themselves down to the task of driving as many native folks from the state as they could.

Since then, it has grown enough that you could spend a solid couple hours walking the twisty roads and exploring the gross patriotic and ultra-religious monuments and memorials. The cemetery is bounded by Vine Street to the north and O Street to the south; each street has an entrance gate, with the main entrance leading to the funeral home, office and chapel at 37th and O. There is also an entrance gate in the adjoining neighborhood at 36th and R Streets to the west. To the

east there is no official entrance; the cemetery abuts a large apartment complex, which features a shabby walking path along its shared, somewhat dilapidated fence easily accessible to the general public.

Raccoons and foxes can frequently be seen trespassing here, creating trails between the cemetery and the apartment complex dumpsters. The northeast corner of the cemetery property features a wetland area where you can see beavers as well as waterfowl and abundant songbirds. In the fall, purple martins roost in the area, leaving their droppings all over the place without a care for vehicles, monuments or memorials.

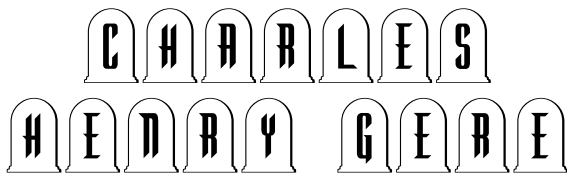
The cemetery's website is <https://www.wyuka.com>, and there's a lot of useful information on there, including detailed maps of each section and a grave locator tool. (A very basic grounds map, annotated with this zine's featured jerks, is reproduced in the centerfold).

I also greatly benefited from the small book Wyuka Cemetery: A Driving and Walking Tour. You can find a PDF of it online, or check it out from Bennett Martin Library. (Martin, by the way, was a rich bizguy and Republican Party goober who was Lincoln's mayor from 1956-1959. He laundered his fortune through philanthropy, thus putting his name on a bunch of stuff! I think he's buried in Wyuka, but I didn't verify it's the same dude.)

On a recent weekday morning stroll, I found the cemetery to be mostly empty: a couple graveside visitors and a dad with kids learning to bike and rollerblade were outnumbered by lawn mowing staff. The ample shade made the summer heat bearable. The cutesy man-made pond in the southwest corner of the property was all barren, undergoing renovation.

Finally, some suggestions about bodily functions. One need not be as bold as the characters on the back page of this zine, to disrespect the dead. A long billowy dress or skirt easily conceals ones activity whilst squatting in "prayer". An empty sports drink bottle can also be filled with other liquids, and spilled at an opportune moment. And when visiting the grounds with family or friends, a circle of mourning can be formed around the grave of a deceased jerk, in order to protect the privacy of those expelling/expressing their grief. This is known as a "circle [the] jerk".





SETTLER, RIGHT-WING BLOWHARD, NEWSPAPER MAGNATE
2/18/1838 - 9/30/1904
Section 13, Lot 177, Grave 8

Gere was a lawyer and politician whose family was among the first wave of white settlement on the stolen lands of the Pawnee, Otoe and Omaha. He founded and ran the Nebraska State Journal, Lincoln's first newspaper which later became the Journal Star we know and hate today.

Gere made sure to start the newspaper's long conservative tradition of sucking up to the political establishment and big business early. His editorials tended to be particularly inflammatory, and he admitted at times to just plain old making up facts.

One of the main targets of Gere's ire was the Nebraska Farmers Alliance, an anti-corporate movement active in the 1880s and 1890s allied with the insurgent Populist Party. It battled against the stranglehold of corporate monopolies in agriculture, which drove down crop prices leaving farmers with pennies to show for their work. One of their slogans was "Raise less corn, and more hell!"

Gere detested the Alliance. An 1890 editorial of his included a statement that became infamous for decades, claiming that the Alliance farmers "are to Nebraska what a herd of hogs would be in the parlor of a careful housekeeper, and however completely they are kicked out in November the filth they have scattered will leave its traces on our housekeeping for many months to come." One source says that after this, every farmers' demonstration "carefully routed itself around the State Journal's offices loudly hooting hog calls."

Gere also called the farmers "shiftless, lazy and improvident", "calamity howlers," and "horny handed sons of toil." In the November election that he predicted would sweep the farmers interests out of office, the Populist members allied with the Farmers Alliance won more seats

in the Nebraska legislature than the Democrats and Republicans combined, and lost the governor's race by a mere 1% of the vote. Two out of three districts sent Populists to Congress.

Unfortunately, as the 19th century drew to a close, the radical energy of the Farmers Alliance became almost completely subsumed into the Populist Party, which in turn soon capitulated to, and fused with, the Democratic Party.

Amongst other institutions, Gere helped install Lincoln's first prison (yikes!) and so-called "lunatic asylum" (double yikes!).

On the senate railway committee, he made sure the state's major rail lines ran thru Lincoln, bringing more corporate monopolies into town.

You can bet many a farmer would be delighted to piss on his grave.



You'd think this guy would have a giant obelisk or something, but apparently not. Nonetheless, his decomposing remains are located in Section 13, the most prestigious section of Wyuka and where you can find some of the biggest assholes and biggest phallic monuments.

ALBION S ROBERTS NANCE

BOY GOVERNOR, STRIKEBREAKER, GENOCIDE ENABLER
3/30/1848 - 12/6/1911
Section 13, Lot 263, Space 4

This mustached motherfucker was a lawyer and real estate mogul who first served in government as a legislator, then failed upwards into becoming governor of Nebraska at just 30 years old in 1878.

In 1882, the Burlington and Missouri Railroad created a crisis in Omaha when they refused workers' demands for an increase in their paltry \$1.25/day wages. Nance had spent the prior years building up the state militia, especially motivated by an 1880 smelters' strike which revealed the state's lack of muscle on behalf of the owning class. (On that occasion, the company attempted to hire Black scabs from Kansas to replace the white strikers-but solidarity won the day when the would-be-strikebreakers learned what was really going on.)

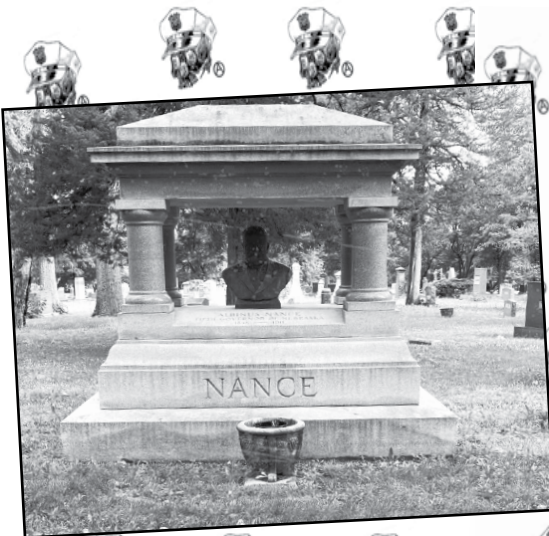
The railroad workers burnt a boss in effigy and formed the Omaha Labor Protective Union. Management brought in scabs, and thousands of pro-labor marchers drove them out, cut their horses loose, and trashed their tools. Additional strikes and boycotts spread across the city, which politicians and bosses described as riotous violence.

At their behest, Nance called in eight companies of the Nebraska state militia, stating, "It seems to me that the display of force should be overwhelming." He also consulted with United Snakes president Chester Arthur in order for the U.S. Army to join in the strikebreaking efforts. The following day a militiaman, who remained unidentified, bayoneted and killed a pro-labor demonstrator. It was the union leaders, however, who were subsequently indicted on the charge of "assault with intent to kill." Alas, the railroad successfully finished their work with scabs.

A local pro labor paper wrote, "The present military invasion of Omaha in many respects is more ludicrous than the bloodless Indian scare of 1864. More men have time and again been knocked down in an Omaha beer garden in three minutes on a Sunday afternoon than were in the so-called bloody riots during the past week."

Nance's years as a legislator and governor are also remembered for the U.S. military's forced removal of the Ponca tribe from their Niobrara River homelands, on a Trail of Tears to a desolate Oklahoma "reservation" (concentration camp). Ponca chief Standing Bear, along with other rebels, escaped the following year and hoofed it back to the Omaha reservation, where they were given sanctuary. This led to the groundbreaking Standing Bear v Crook lawsuit which established for the first time that "an Indian is a person" under United States law - though it didn't mean much for most of the Ponca.

Did Albinus Nance do literally anything to help while all this was going on? LMAO, what do you think? Drop your pants on Nance and shit on this asshole's grave.



Can't miss the bust of this dude's fugly head, near the center of Section 13. It looks like there's a trash can (or wilderness toilet?) right in front of it but I'm guessing it's supposed to be a receptacle for flowers????

GEORGE WILLIAM HOLMES

CAPITALIST, WARMONGER, FOOTBALL BOOSTER

2/29/1880 - 1/26/1965

Section 13, Lot 140, Grave 1

In the early 1920's the University of Nebraska wanted to build a new football stadium. However, not being able to raise enough money, no sources of loans to actually begin construction were available. Holmes, a lawyer and executive for First National Bank and First Trust Company, "offered to underwrite the debt personally", and his company issued the bonds. Two years later, the project ran out of funds - so Holmes bailed it out again! What a cleatlicker!

Holmes loved fondling greenbacks so much he later became a director of the Omaha Federal Reserve. He and the Lincoln Chamber of Capitalists (Commerce) then lobbied heavily and successfully to bring the Mead, NE Ordnance Plant and Lincoln Air Force Base to the area.

Lincoln AFB operated from 1954-1966 in the area west of today's airport. The city literally re-channeled Oak Creek to make room for it, and the project covered more prairie in concrete than any other previous project in so-called Nebraska history. It housed over 100 B-47 nuclear bombers and an intercontinental ballistic missile squadron during the height of the Cold War race toward mutually assured destruction. The Mead Ordnance Plant operated from 1942-1962, mostly producing bombs to be dropped on Korea. It remains a superfund site to this day due to extensive soil and groundwater contamination.

In order to help launder his fortune thru philanthropy, Holmes helped found the Lincoln Community Foundation.

Fuck this guy!

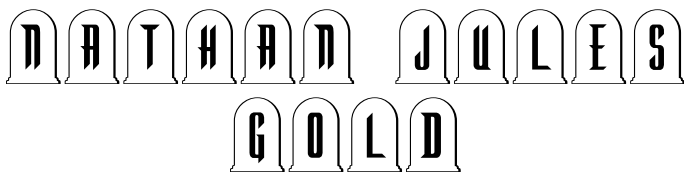




To find Holmes,
look for the
monument for
Burnham, the
family name of his
wife Sarah. George
has a small plaque
nearby. It's on the
west side of Section
13, right near the
road.

And here's the
monument for
Nathan Gold, whom
you can read about
on the next page.
You'll see that it's
surrounded by some
great privacy foliage
- ideal for a quick
potty break.





DEPARTMENT STORE MOGUL
5-28-1895 - 2-23-1970
Mount Lebanon Section, Lot 5853, Space 10

What we would today call a trust fund baby, Nathan Gold was gifted his daddy's business, Gold & Co Department Store, and became its President in 1936.

"Gold's" was Lincoln's premier big box store of its day, occupying several stories at 11th and O Street. In addition to all the usual department store goods, it had a farm store, grocery, clothiers, auditorium, cafeteria, and auto shop. So basically, a fancy WalMart with white-gloved elevator operators. The store died in 1980, but old folks still love to crow about it today.

Some of the building is still there, but most of it was demolished in 2022; hopefully the ghosts of wage exploitation of yore will haunt whatever chain nonsense moves in next. (Curiously, you can read lots of boomer fedbook posts about their memories of buying trinkets at Gold's, but any mention of working conditions or wages is damn near impossible to find).

In the present day, apparently some brilliant biz minds have tried to rebrand the surrounding blocks as "Gold's District"?? "Get ready to experience the grand opening of a historic Hampton Inn in the winter of 2024," its website says. "Gold's is not just a place; it's an experience." Yeah, it really said "historic Hampton Inn."

Along with his contemporaneous rich motherfucker George Holmes and others, Gold also helped found the Lincoln Community Foundation to help channel philanthropic money away from transformational social change initiatives and into band-aid charities with interest in preserving the capitalist status quo.

[illegible]

VINE STREET



G

22

35

30

37

45

34

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32

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44

20

27

31

24

30

E

Mt.
Lebanon

43SV

43

2A

26

25

B.A.R.

15

14

10

1A

11

B

D

23

H

42

41

MARION F MARSHALL

MERCENARY COP WANNABE,
FUCKED AROUND AND FOUND OUT
1/5/1897 - 9/9/1932 • Section 17, Lot 42, Grave 3

Marshall was a “special duty patrolman”, a marine corps veteran paid by rich neighborhoods to patrol the streets, outside of the auspices of the official police department. (How little has changed in the past century of policing!)

In the middle of the night on September 7, 1932, Marshall saw a man bicycling in the alley near 16th Street, between G and H streets.

Suspicious, he thought! He drove around to “investigate.” Since cops then did not have to spin as creative lies as they do today in the era of dash cams and body cams, we don’t know exactly what happened next, except that the man did not take kindly to Marshall’s “investigation”, and he shot the wannabe officer.



Amusingly, Marshall then staggered to the nearby governor’s mansion, where he rang the bell and collapsed on the porch, to be found by governor Charles Bryan in his pajamas.

After all this fucking around, Marshall completed the “finding out” stage, dying in the hospital two days later.

In the 154+ year history of the Lincoln PD, only three cops have been shot on duty: in 1966, 1967, and 2020.

VICTOR EMMANUEL ANDERSON

ANOTHER ASSHOLE GOVERNOR

3/30/1902 - 8/15/1962 • Section 22, Lot 292, Space 3

Anderson was governor of Nebraska from 1955-1959, after also serving the rich and powerful as a state legislator and Lincoln's mayor. A biography of him states, "During his tenure, mental health programs were improved; state expenditures and taxes were reduced; and a prison riot was successfully calmed." Oooh boy, let's dig into that last one a bit more.

In the 1950s, prisoners at the state penitentiary on South 14th Street in Lincoln were hella fed up with the atrocious conditions and wanton cruelty. One prisoner noted that guards developed a "Gestapo mentality", and the warden ran a "kangaroo court" responsible for putting people into segregation and solitary confinement for petty reasons, if any reason at all. Conditions in "the hole" included no hot water, sleeping on concrete, and meals consisting only of three slices of bread.

In 1954, Governor Robert Crosby attempted to quiet the uppity prisoners using the politician's favorite tool: the committee. When he took office the next year, Victor Anderson followed up by pledging... to recommend... the committee's suggested reforms. (That's like 4 degrees of weaselly avoidance!) Ninety-four inmates signed a letter sent to the Omaha World-Herald, warning, "When a sleeping dog gets kicked just so long he will eventually get up and bite, and it's in the biting stage as far as we are concerned."



Building on two small riots the prior year, in late January 1955 four prisoners took several guards hostage, attempting to escape with a guard's car. Unfortunately, they were stopped.

Then in March, a group of 12 rebels took another guard hostage and

seized control of the "jail" - a sort of prison within the prison. They issued demands around meals, medical attention, an end to indefinite punishment, access to reading materials, a table for meals, and more.

Soon after, the governor agreed to one of the demands by ousting the current warden... only to replace him with a man whose qualifications were as a traveling salesman and the husband of Anderson's campaign manager. Then Anderson replaced the head of the prison Board of Control with a railroad executive. He also advocated for replacing the "jail" with a modernized maximum security facility and for increasing guard wages, which would supposedly lead to better quality personnel. (Such tactics are often seen still today, revealing the urgency of abolition as opposed to reforms that merely strengthen the institutions of modern-day slavery.)

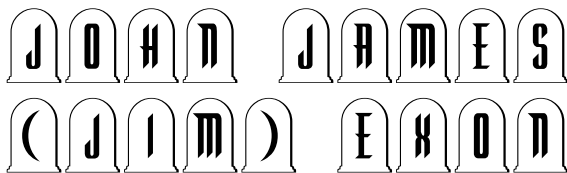
Then in August, angry over yet another petty punishment, instead of returning to their cells after dinner, hundreds of prisoners demanded to see the new warden. The warden, fearful of the insurgents, withdrew the guards from the facility. Soon afterwards the prisoners made the most of the opportunity by setting fire to their work facilities (a cannery, furniture shop, machine shop, and more); the resulting blaze could be seen all the way across town.

This time, Anderson didn't bother with "pledging" and "recommending". He sent in the National Guard with orders to "shoot to kill."

The Guard restored order the next morning - thankfully without any murders. The governor's office played dumb as to the cause of the riot, saying "there has been no dissatisfaction and the food has been good". I wouldn't piss on him if he were on fire, but I *would* piss on his grave.



Most of the info in this section came from the 2015 Nebraska History magazine article "In The Biting Stage": The 1955 Nebraska State Penitentiary Riots and Violent Prison Activism".



POLITICIAN, PURITAN CRUSADER, INTERNET N00B
10/9/1921 - 6/10/2005
Section 40, Lot 121, Space 8

Exon was governor of Nebraska for 8 years and U.S. Senator for another 18. He was vehemently opposed to gay rights, notably speaking out against one of the first gay studies classes in the U.S., at UNL. He also favored bringing in the military to quell campus antiwar protests.

In 1977, Exon vetoed a bill that softened the state's criminalization of gay sex, complaining that the provision would embolden "perverts, homos and gays." (The veto of the package bill was overridden by the legislature, which by and large felt that the provisions placing further restrictions on abortion were more important. Sound familiar?)

As a U.S. Senator, he was one of four Democrats to vote against the establishment of Martin Luther King Day. Exon was also a strong proponent of the B2 stealth bomber - that creepy fuckin collection of flat triangles you can see hovering around silently near Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri, where the U.S. fleet of 19 are based (two have been destroyed). Each bomber costs \$4,000,000,000 (that's billion with a B) in today's dollars. What would you do with 84 billion dollars?

Perhaps most notoriously, Exon attempted to ban all pornography in the early days of the Internet, by introducing the Communications Decency Act of 1996. It would've enabled the Department of Justice



to prosecute anyone posting whatever it deemed to be pornography (no doubt this would've included any content related to "perverts, homos and gays"). On the Senate floor Exon waved around his infamous "blue book," a collection of printed out pornography that he claimed was downloaded from the internet by a (horny?) friend, DEFINITELY not by him hunt-and-peck typing "homo pervert cybersex" into Altavista on Netscape Navigator 1.0.

After all, at the time, Exon's staff insisted that he himself did not use the Internet, and his senate office had no email address and no internet connection.

The Act passed, but its "indecentcy" provisions were struck down by the Supreme Court the following year.



Despite the epitaph, Exon did not, in fact, seem to have the serenity to accept the things he could not change (like gay porn). As shown here, his modern headstone has a smooth surface on which to lean back while committing indecent acts.

CHARLES WAYLAND BRYAN

PERENNIAL POLITICIAN, KLAN ENABLER

2/10/1867 - 3/4/1945

Section 13, Lot 208, Space 10

Charles Bryan's father Silas was an admirer of all-time presidential asshole Andrew Jackson, and like his father, Charles was a lifelong Democrat. He worked as a tobacco broker, coal baron, and insurance salesman (yikes!), and also as an advisor to his older brother, presidential candidate and religious zealot William Jennings Bryan.

(Fun bucket-kicking fact: William Jennings Bryan prosecuted the infamous Scopes Trial, arguing that the government should be able to bar the teaching of evolution in schools. The defense called him as a witness and grilled him on his Bible knowledge. Bryan the prosecutor was so embarrassed he died a few days later.)

After serving as mayor of Lincoln from 1915-1917, Charles Bryan was elected governor and served 1923-1925. During that time he was the Democratic vice presidential candidate, though his ticket was roundly defeated by Calvin Coolidge. He later served both as governor and mayor again, and lost a buncha more races. He was seemingly truly addicted to political office. Despite being perceived by right-wing capitalists as somewhat of a radical for his tepid attempts at industry regulation, in his first governorship Bryan cut taxes 13% and fired over 50% of all state employees.

Bryan's first term as governor was during the heyday of the Ku Klux Klan in Lincoln and in Nebraska more broadly. In 1921, the Klan performed at the University's football homecoming game. The state Klan convention in 1924 took place in downtown Lincoln, attended by 1,100 white supremacists in white robes. That paled in comparison to the following year, when 25,000 people attended Klan convention activities, including burning crosses and marching through Lincoln streets. Many protestant churches (the Klan hated Catholics similarly



to Jews) welcomed the Klan into activities in their congregations. The surge in Klan activity coincided with increased Black migration from the south to midwestern states, owing to the collapse of the cotton economy and WWI-related jobs. The Lincoln "klavern" was the most active in the state; many business leaders openly supported them, such as one Lincoln clothing store not-so-subtly advertising

"Kuppenheimer's Korrekt Kloth'es."

In 1924, when Charles Bryan was chosen as the vice presidential nominee for the Democratic Party, the memory of the Klan-incited 1919 mob lynching in Omaha should still have been fresh. Despite their large numbers, the Klan largely remained a social force, not an electoral one, not bothering to run candidates for office. As VP pick, Bryan was chosen to be a liberal counterpart to the more conservative man at the top of the presidential ticket, John Davis. Given this, do you think Bryan bothered to condemn the Klan?

No, of course not! He dodged the issue every time it was brought up. The Democrats as a party entertained at their convention a resolution to condemn the Klan -- but it failed. Charles' brother William Jennings was also so silent on the issue that when he died, the Klan held a memorial service and cross burning in his honor, hyperbolically calling him "the greatest Klansman of our time".

The Bryans certainly were not alone in allowing the growth of the KKK in Nebraska throughout the 1920s, but given their power on the national stage, should bear a particular shame and responsibility for the legacy of white supremacy in the state.

Piss on their shiny, six feet deep bald heads.

HONORABLE MEDITION TOILETS

CHARLES SUMNER "CY" SHERMAN

3/10/1871 - 5/22/1951

Section 27, Lot 199, Space 4

This is more of a whimsical entry than anything else, but after learning about this guy I got mad. Turns out that the University of Nebraska football team, before 1900, was known as the Nebraska Bugeaters. Bugeaters! But then Cy Sherman came along, sportswriter for the Lincoln Star. He thought "Bugeaters" was too undignified, so he started referring to the team as the Cornhuskers instead.... a name that he stole from Iowa. They became the Hawkeyes and Nebraska the Cornhuskers.

We could've had the Bugeaters. But no. Damn you, Cy Sherman!



9/11 MEMORIAL

Northeast Corner of Section 3A

Tucked up against the trees near the cemetery's eastern fence are two phallic hunks of metal, painted dark red. Apparently this is a 9/11 Memorial and it was dedicated in 2003, amidst the general patriotic xenophobic militarist hubbub of the era. Real fucken creative. The color red symbolizes the color of the chickens that came home to roost after decades of U.S. sponsored terrorism in the middle east.



There is, of course, no memorial to the millions killed in the U.S.' subsequent extended attacks and occupation in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Nearby tucked in some overgrown weeds is a small plaque inscribed with "god bless america" and some mindless blather from George W. Bush. (Millennials and older generations will remember him as the worst and stupidest president yet, until Trump came along.)

Near that is a low signpost with a big black arrow pointing to the plaque, because I guess it's so forgettable someone felt the need to point it out.

When I visited, some slightly off-color red paint could be seen on the metal hunks -- perhaps indicative of previous vandalism? It's in a super easy spot for artistic additions... or a bathroom break.

LAWRENCE ROGER "LARRY" TRAPP

5/30/1949 - 9/6/1992

Mount Lebanon (ML) Section, Lot 5744, Space 4

Before he repented at the end of his life, Trapp was a grand dragon of the small modern ku klux klan chapter based in Lincoln in the late 80s and early 90s. The story of his hatred and eventual conversion was widely told, including in the book Not By the Sword, after local Jewish cantor Michael Weisser and his wife Julie reached out with gifts to Trapp, who used a wheelchair and was nearly blind. Over the course of several months they convinced Trapp to renounce the klan.

Before then, however, Trapp conducted a campaign of terror, distributing hate mail and threatening messages to Black, Brown, Native and Jewish leaders and residents throughout Lincoln and beyond. He helped coordinate arson

attacks and other violent hate crimes, and distributed white supremacist propaganda across the region.



His near-deathbed conversion notwithstanding, what bumped Trapp into the “Honorable Mention toilet” category for me is that unlike most of the other entrants in this zine, he never held institutional power. His level of pent up hatred was simply too much for the economic and political establishment which knows that the most effective white supremacist strategy is a more subtle, two-faced one. Not that the Lincoln establishment didn’t play a role in enabling his behavior -- Trapp’s identity and address were well known and nobody did a damn thing about him until the Cantor came along.

Anyway, go piss on his grave if you want. It’s up to you.

COREL SHERWOOD

5/5/1904 - 2/23/1925

Section 17, Lot 65, Space 6 - Look for “Tour Stop 12”

I wasn’t able to find much about this kid, an airplane mechanic who died in a crash in 1925, but I’m including his grave site as an honorable mention for two reasons. First, the grave marker is the goddamn coolest in the entire cemetery, made from a wooden airplane propeller with a copper inset and details carved into the blade. Why does only one person in the cemetery get a such a totally siqqq monument made from an item they loved, while almost everyone else just gets big fuckin boring square rocks?



Second, and more pertinent for those looking for a place to pee, is Sherwood's association with celebrity nazi fuck Charles Lindbergh, who started his career in Lincoln. Sherwood himself might've been an alright dude, or not, I don't know. But the site also honors Lindbergh, with a pedestal featuring a replica of a letter he sent to Sherwood, a student at his flight school.

Lindbergh is mostly remembered for his solo flight across the Atlantic, but most historians tend to leave out that he was a raging bigot and nazi sympathizer (let's be real though - a nazi "sympathizer" is just an outright nazi). He flew to germany to receive a medal from the commander of fascist germany's luftwaffe. One of the planes he inspected there was called the "Junkers Ju 88" ("88" stands for "heil hitler".) He became a spokesman of the white supremacist, anti-Semitic "America First Committee", giving a six-minute-long nazi salute at the infamous sold-out nazi rally at Madison Square Garden in New York City in 1941. "It is the European race we must preserve", he said there. He also spoke at an infamous rally in Des Moines, Iowa, declaring "The Jewish races, for reasons which are not American, wish to involve us in [World War II]."

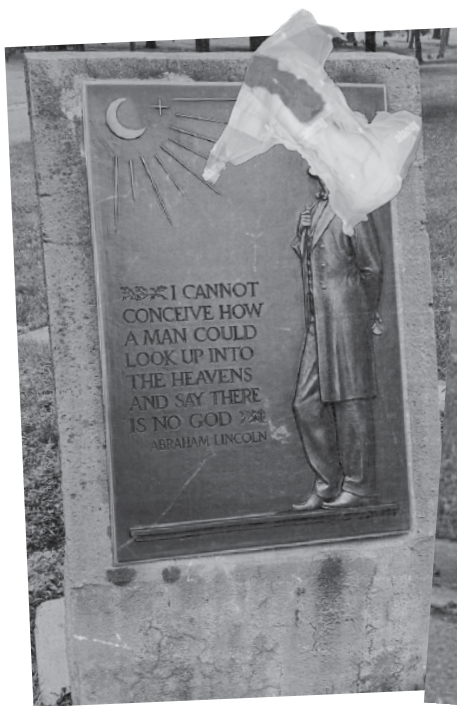
Let's be clear: Lindbergh wasn't alone in his nazi sympathies, both before and after the U.S. entered World War II. The Republican party urged him to run for President in 1940. The America First Committee had a membership of 800,000. And let's not forget about Henry Ford and other industry leaders who outright supplied germany's military.

So fukkk Lindbergh... piss on his memory, at Corel Sherwood's grave.

WHATEVER THE FUCK THIS IS

This random plaque at the Northwest corner of Section 29, with the quote "I cannot conceive how a man could look up into the heavens and say there is no God" is directly across from "Babyland" (did they have to name it that?? it's not an amusement park, people!!), the section of the cemetery where God put the infants that he condemned to an early death as part of His Great Plan.

Jesus frickin christ!





Fun grave-pissing fact:
Posting this image of
an album cover edited
to include a dead cop
landed a Tennessee man
in jail for seven days
after the cops thought
it was real. He later got
a \$125,000 payout in a
first amendment lawsuit.
Let's fuckin go!!!



Also in this series...

- Vol. 1: Public Bathrooms of Twin Cities Cemeteries:
Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis MN
- Vol. 2: Public Bathrooms of Twin Cities Cemeteries:
Oakland Cemetery, Saint Paul MN